

Saturday Gazette.

Bloomfield and Montclair, N. J.

W. F. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHAS. M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OUR PUBLICATION OFFICE is next door to the Post Office in Bloomfield.

MASON LOOMIS.

We freely accorded to citizen Loomis all the space he desired in our last issue to reply to our article of the previous week. Instead of replying to our criticism however, his letter is chiefly occupied with a reiteration of some of his pamphlet matters, without shedding any new light upon them.

We were sorry that he took the opportunity to make another lance at his imagined adversary, whom he charges with making "a cold, cruel, heartless and false attack upon him personally." Mr. Loomis does not help his position by such personal invectives.

In the conclusion of his letter, he notices a deprecatory sentence of our article, as to the disastrous effect upon society and upon the minds and hearts of our youth, of his method of resenting a grievance, whether real or supposed, by a sailing character, ascribing vile motives and calling opprobrious names. He regards this a "new doctrine" and with best intentions, no doubt, justifies his position in this controversy by its conceived analogy to the functions and duty of government officers, who are expected to ferret out and punish crime.

Mr. Loomis forgets that government officers act under law, and under oath, and with legal investigation of facts and charges, on sworn proof and undoubted testimony. He would regard it very singular and unjustifiable for an officer to call a man a thief, a liar, or a swindler without positive knowledge and corroborative evidence and legal conviction.

How then can it be deemed less than outrageous for one private citizen to be arraigned, maligned, tried, convicted and published by another citizen who arbitrarily assumes the office of prosecutor, jury and judge? How can it be doubted that, where such liberty is practiced, society will be demoralized and our children's tastes and habits become perverted? Who then could insure the peace of our homes and guarantee the reputation of honest citizens against envy and malice?

We were so intent on rebuking the spirit which originated and imbued the Loomis pamphlet that we did not care to discuss the merits or demerits of its facts and statements; nor did it seem very necessary, as the pamphlet itself was in everybody's hands, and intelligent citizens would of course, judge for themselves.

We certainly must admit that some of the statements in Mr. Loomis' pamphlet and notably that of Mr. Crane, from the books of the Montclair Railway, if verified, are damaging to Mr. Pratt's character for probity. If, as we should all hope, he can clear up his integrity in this matter, it is certainly incumbent on him to do it, and we think he owes it to himself and to his family, and to the community that has confided in him, to do it at once and make it conspicuously manifest and full.

ASSESSMENT VALUATIONS.

1874.

Our assessors have completed their new lists for 1874.

In BLOOMFIELD Mr. Oakes reports the valuations of the real estate at \$2,749,830. Last year it was \$2,509,043.

Showing an advance this year of \$240,787.

The Personal property as returned last year was \$625,938. This year it is \$607,781.

Showing a decrease of \$18,157.

The County Board of Assessors voted to increase Bloomfield Valuations \$25,000, which with the above, makes the total of Real and Personal property in this town at its taxable valuation \$3,382,621.

This will be diminished by the outstanding liabilities of the town - 140,370.

\$3,242,251.

The rate per cent of taxation for the year is not yet settled; it will probably be about two per cent.

In MONTCLAIR Mr. Jacobs reports the real estate valuations for the present year is the aggregate at \$1,960,860. The Personal property at \$308,808.

\$2,269,668.

To which the County Board of Assessors added 100,000.

\$2,369,668.

Last year it was 2,147,000.

Showing an advance this year of \$222,668.

The rate per cent of taxation for the year is not yet settled, but it is expected to be about 2.10 per cent.

THE ALDINE.—The August number of this Art Journal of America, *par excellence*, is replete with sketches, views and portraits by some of our well-known artists executed with skill and taste. Nothing can conduce more to revive the enervated and care-worn, than to sit down by one's self or with one's family and forget the tumultuous world in the contemplation of these exquisite studies from nature and life. The literary contents of the August Aldine consist of seventeen articles, all original, and all replete with interest. The

poems and numerous editorials are of the usual merit and interest. Subscription price \$3, including chromos "The East" and "The West." James Sutton & Co., publishers, 88 Maiden Lane, New York City.

STRAVE BY LIGHTING.—Our citizens will regret to learn that Dr. A. W. McDowell, late of Bloomfield, has met with a heavy loss at his rural home in Somerset county. His well filled barn was struck by lightning last week and entirely consumed, with all its contents, valued at some \$7,000. The building only was partially insured.

TO THE LADIES.—We are requested by a subscriber thus to "inform the ladies of Bloomfield and Montclair that Miss Lania, formerly of Bloomfield, will be happy to receive their orders and wait on them at their homes, if desired, in her avocation as ladies hair dresser. Is well posted in the latest Parisian styles. Address, Miss M. M. Lania, 83 New St. Newark.

THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION are holding their annual session this year in Detroit. About 400 members are in attendance. We hope to report something of their proceedings another week.

BOSTON AND THE WEST.—A new project for a direct and independent railroad line to Chicago is now proposed at the West with an earnestness that must frighten the other great lines which terminate in New York.

WATER SUPPLY.—Our New Jersey cities—Newark, Paterson, Jersey City, etc.—which have been dependent upon the Passaic River for their water supply, are again in tribulation, and with good reason, about the discovered impurities of that source of supply. The sewerage of those cities and of some smaller towns and of many manufacturing establishments cannot fail to pollute the water to the jeopardy of the health and life of those that use it for drinking and cooking purposes. What shall be done?

HOME MATTERS.

BLOOMFIELD.

WEATHER CHRONICLE.

Range of Thermometer at Bloomfield Centre July 8. Aug. 30 31 1 2 3 4 5

At 6 A.M. 63° 54° 68° 64° 58° 58° 59°
At Noon 79° 83° 95° 79° 71° 73° 74°
At 9 P.M. 62° 74° 68° 66° 63° 63° 65°

LIST OF LETTERS.

REMAINING UNCLAIMED at the Post Office in Bloomfield, N. J., August 5, 1874.

Andrews, Mr. Boutillier, Miss L. Cadmus George, Dalgreen, A. S. Dempsey Charles, Dobler, Mrs. William, Diepenbach, Ludwig, Eagles, Wm. B. (2). Fischer, Louis, Housen, E. Haydock, Richard, Jenkins, Samuel H. Jenkins, Sarah, Jenkins, Levine, Lyons, C. A. Locier, John, Manning, Dennis, Messler, George, Mahin, Mary E. McGovern, Charles, McCormack, Mary B. Noon, Patrick, Ruggles, John A. Wilson, Miss George, Wiedas, Mrs. Louis, Wiedas, Henry.

Any person calling for the above letters will please say "Advertised." E. DODD, P. M.

In WART END, we notice a fine improvement at Mr. J. B. Reford's on Midland Avenue. He has had an elegant cement walk laid in diamond shape, from his front stoop to the sidewalk. His front lawn and terrace present a very handsome appearance. It will be very complete when the side walk shall be curbed and flagged, or cemented.

The Road Board workmen are busy at work on the grading and widening of Ridgewood Avenue, west of Washington Avenue.

Mr. Robert Peels is at work grading the extension of Maolia Avenue, east of Midland Avenue.

Mr. Peels is also grading up the lot corner of Washington and Midland Avenues, preparatory to building.

Painters are finishing up the fine addition to Mr. G. W. Smith's residence on Ridgewood Avenue.

PERSONAL.—Miss S. D. Heatt, daughter of Mr. P. T. Heatt, of West End, Bloomfield, has recently returned from a two years residence abroad, in company with her aunt, Miss Maria Heatt, of Belleville Avenue. They traveled considerably through Europe and Miss S. D. Heatt, improved the opportunity of a long sojourn in Germany to perfect her artistic and esthetic studies. We have been delighted in examining some of the fruits of her pen and brush, which are of high merit.

Rev. P. S. Evans, of Shelbourne Falls, Mass., will preach in the Baptist Church, Bloomfield, on next Sabbath morning and evening.

MONTCLAIR.

LIST OF LETTERS.

REMAINING UNCLAIMED at the Post Office in Montclair, N. J., Aug. 6, 1874.

Andrews, Mrs. O. Brady, Rosanna, Brooks, Abraham, Burdsey, Dr. Coe, Miss Mary, Crane, Fred'k. Curtis, John, Cronley, Mary, Dalgreen, J. A. Dotley, Mrs. Mary, Dana, Mrs. A. H. Delano, E. Ellis, Miss Mary, Geise, Albert L. Riley, Rosina, Shanger, Mrs. Mary A. Shes, Miss Mary, Stevens, Miss S. M. (2). Thomas, Mrs. A. Vanness, H. J. Ward, Mrs. Wyant, Mrs. T. H. Wyant, Mrs. Julia W.

Any person calling for the above letters will please say "Advertised." JOHN C. DOMMER, P. M.

The Fullerton Avenue extension is progressing finely; the deep gully is nearly filled up, and the grading beyond will soon be completed. This will be one of the finest Avenues in town.

SCHOOL ELECTION.

The regular annual meeting of the legal voters of school district, No. 8, for the election of Five Trustees, was held in the school building, Monday evening, August 3; a fair attendance. Mr. J. T. Wilcox was chosen Chairman and C. H. Borden Secretary. After the reading of the call for the meeting Dr. Loveas District Clerk, presented the financial statement of the Board for the past year.

Nominations for trustees being then in order, the following names were presented, Dr. Love, G. H. Borden, Thomas Porter, Wm. Jacobus, J. H. Richards, Philip Doramus, W. I. Adams. A letter was read from Mr. Richards, declining a re-election, and his name was reluctantly withdrawn after some very complimentary remarks by Messrs. Francis, Love and Porter. Mr. Adams then withdrew his name and moved that the other 5 names be nominated by acclamation—lost. Moved by Mr. Pratt that each name may be voted on separately, carried; and the result was a unanimous vote, not one dissenting voice. The meeting then adjourned.

We understand that business is reviving in Montclair.

Our readers will be pleased to find two communications in our columns this week, from over the water, by citizens of Montclair, still abroad.

Cooper Brothers have discontinued business.

Mr. J. W. Smith, formerly with Dr. Inness, has opened a dispensing office in a room adjoining Dr. Pinkham's office in Jacobus Building, up stairs.

The interior of the M. E. Church has been very much improved by a handsome 12 light chandelier, suspended in the centre of the church, giving sufficient light to make the room more attractive and pleasing. The increasing congregation attest the popularity of the pastor, Rev. G. W. Smith.

FOR THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE.

LAKE GEORGE.

BLOODY POND—WILLIAMS' MOUNTAIN—PORTS GEORGE, GAGE, AND WILLIAM HENRY, SABBATH DAY POINT, OLD FORT T. & C.

Mighty memories of the dead past haunt the shores of this beautiful and peaceful lake. One century since the echoes of these rocky cliffs leaped at the crack of the Indian's rifle, and the tranquil waters of the lake mirrored back the blood-red scarlet of British Grenadiers. Only one hundred years ago—and now grand hotels, pretty cottages, steamers making daily trips, boats filled with gay pleasure parties, dotting the lake in all directions. What a contrast! What an epitome of the Nation's history! Then, a howling wilderness, now, peace, civilization.

For years the tide of the French and Indian war ebbed and flowed along these beautiful shores. Twenty years before the Revolution, the Englishman, posted at the southern extremity of the lake, the Frenchman at the northern, were struggling desperately for the tempting prize.

At the head of the lake now stands a large and fashionable Hotel—the Fort Wm. Henry. Almost directly under it is the site of the old Fort, and a little to the south-east lies Port George and the spot where Deskaen fell in his brave but vain assault on the English. Still further south-east in a narrow defile, sombre and motionless, lies the pond called Bloody. On that fatal September 1753, its waters were red with French and Indian blood. Two years afterward, Montclair took Fort William Henry and razed it to the ground, so that naught but scattered mounds is left. Near by is the road to Fort Edward, where dusty fends in human form, fell upon the public stricken garrison, after they had rendered, and where the brave and humane French commander saved his captives from universal massacre only at the risk of his life.

Thirty-six miles distant, at the northern end of the lake, stood the French stronghold. There may still be seen the ruins and battle-ground of old Fort Ti; death seems of the brave and noble Howe; witness of the ignominious fall of Abercrombie, when before the fortress' fiery breath the flower of British chivalry withered and shrunk back; captured by Amherst; caught napping by Ethan Allen; out-generalled by Burgoyne.

The shores of Lake George are indeed dark and bloody ground as can be found. The chilling war-whoop, the scalping-knife, the tomahawk, musket of regular, and the back woodman's rifle, have all played their part here. Here the noblest man scalped, roasted and devoured to his heart's content; here wave after wave of war has swept from end to end that placid lake—scarce a bay or headland, mountain or valley but has its story of heroism, vendictive, victory, or defeat.

Historically, then, Lake George is of intense interest to the intelligent tourist. But while the Past invests its name with all the savage glory of war, the Present has nearly effaced the old scars, and Lake George now offers to the eye of the visitor only a beautiful, peaceful scene.

The lake is long, narrow, and irregular; and this very irregularity is one of the chief sources of its beauty. A lake to be romantic, needs this essential, at least, of a romance, that you shall never be able to learn that guess what "comes next." Pictured by headlands and notched by bays, the course of the shore scarcely ever presents a straight line. Dotted by over two hundred islands, bordered by mountains, which often start abruptly from the water's edge, variety appears on every hand, monotony is impossible.

FOR THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

BAINS DE DIVONNE, July 14, 1874.

MR. LYON.—Dear Sir: Search your maps as you will, you will not find the place from whence this letter is dated. If by chance, you have Divonne on your map, preserve it with assiduous care, for very few map makers have the honor of knowing this *petit endroit*. Divonne is just 12 miles from Geneva, but in France; it lies at the foot of the Jura range of mountains which is the natural boundary between France and Switzerland. The village is small, having only a few hundred inhabitants, who, thanks to their village doctor, are in a very prosperous condition.

Some few years ago the then very insignificant doctor of this very insignificant little community, took it into his head to make use of a little brook running through the place. With the pure cold water of this brook he tried some experiments on his patients, which were remarkably successful. His ambition was aroused, and he saw before him a chance to be something besides the doctor of an obscure French village. His cures were published and attracted a good deal of notice, as cold water treatment was not then well known in France.

A short time after his discovery a paper factory in the village failed. By much exertion, and with the aid of his good name, the factory was turned into a hydropathic establishment, under his management.

After wonderful perseverance and energy, he succeeded in beating before his death, an establishment, which, increasing year by year, bids fair to rival many older ones—He died last December from a disease brought on by over-anxiety, resulting indirectly from the late war. He had two sons in the French army, from whom he did not hear for months, and the terrible anxiety which he suffered, proved fatal to his over-worked constitution. He was the author of several medical works of great merit, and his death has left a great vacancy in the ranks of French physicians, where the name of Paul Vidart was recognized as talent and industry should be.

Divonne for several years past has been the resort of European nobility, who come here to live plainly and quietly, and at the same time to get a taste of real enjoyment. Fortunate is he who can get a room over so poor, during the summer months. At the time I am writing, we number a Russian princess, several Italian and Austrian princes and princesses, also a large number of counts, barons, &c., together with ten or twelve American sovereigns.

The charm of this place, and I think the secret of its popularity to a great extent, is its situation. From the grounds an almost unparalleled view is obtained. Directly in front is Lake Leman, lying calmly and serenely in the middle of a broad valley, which is y flow with the ripened grain; farther on Mont Blanc looms its hoary head far up among the clouds, and with the other peaks around, looks like some mighty warrior, with his forces drawn up, waiting for the battle to commence. Turn around and old Jura stands frowning at her stronger neighbor opposite, with very much the air of a sulky child.

For miles around, one meets with a succession of beautiful views; not grand ones, as are found among the Alps, but pretty little landscapes, such as delight the eye of the true artist. Five miles from here is Ferney, where Voltaire passed 20 years of his life—from 1739 to 1777. His chateau is still standing and in a good state of preservation. The long terrace walk in the garden, closely arched over with vine—a veritable cloister, with gaps cut here and there, where glimpses of the landscape are admitted, is still as it was when Voltaire used to walk up and down in it, dictating to his secretary.

The Church at the entrance, which he inscribed with the words, "Do *creait Voltaire*," remains none the worse for age, while its neighbor, the Theatre, where his own tragedies were acted by amateurs, long ago succumbed to that most terrible of foes—time.

In the little village of Coppet, half a mile in Switzerland, is the residence of another, who now that she is gone, is loved by every Frenchman, but who when living had as strong friends, as bitter enemies—Madame de Staël, when banished from her country, and after seeking an asylum in other lands, finally settled here in Switzerland, in sight of her native land, but beyond the reach of her persecutors.

Her father, the celebrated French Minister Necker, also resided here, and now her great-grand-daughter, who is 83 years old, occupies the chateau.

The study in which Corinne and other works were composed, is kept as it was originally, as a souvenir of the talented authoress.

Necker and his daughter are both buried in the Chapel, on the place. Thus we find with its surroundings, the coming Baden Baden, waiting patiently but surely for the diplomats, which before long the world will give her, and at the same time take away the charm that she now possesses—simplicity.

Therefore, when years hence you read of Divonne, coupled with riches, pomp and fashion, remember

A. D. W.

A little son of Charles E. Davis, residing in Cosmopolis, L. I., followed his father into the hayfield a fortnight ago, but after wandering about some time became tired and lay down in the tall grass. His father, driving the mower came up a few moments later, and being unable to check the horses in time, ran over the sleeping boy, the outer severing the boy's head from his body.

SWITZERLAND.

[Extract from a private letter from a daughter abroad, to her parents in Montclair.—Ed.]

LAUSANNE, July 5, 1874.

Yesterday was the Fourth of July, and I am sure you did not think as much of us as we did of you all at home. When it is twelve o'clock in the day here, it will be about five in the morning at home. I suppose you were all together, and had a pleasant day. We spent a very pleasant day and evening. I never received more kindness from any one. We were awakened at sunrise by the booming of a small cannon, on the lawn in front of our window. At first we could not make out what it was for; but remembered Mr. Bloomer asking us the night before how they commenced the day in America, and we told him; and I can assure you we appreciated very much the respect shown us; but that was not all; just as we were sitting down to breakfast, he presented me with a splendid bouquet of choice flowers, measuring around it over one yard. We had at one o'clock, an extra dinner in our honor, and to celebrate the Fourth as much as they could like we would have done at home. One of the desserts was a very large cake with an American flag, in the center, and Fourth of July, 1874, in icing. You do not know how glad and happy it makes one feel in a strange country to see our own dear flag and the respect paid to it. Mr. Bloomer then brought an extra good bottle of wine and had all our glasses filled up, and I was wondering what was to come next, as we had had nothing but surprises all day, when he arose and made the following pretty speech to us in French:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

"If I interrupt to-day our usual quiet habits, it is because this day is one of the greatest importance for our nation, and I am anxious to share with you all the joy of this day. I am, as well as all their fellow citizens, of the grandest and most glorious event of their national history, that of the 'Declaration of their Independence' and at the same time of the origin of their liberty. Long and fearful were the struggles which have preceded this happy event, and it was owing to the great and persevering efforts of heroic men—of men animated by the purest patriotism and filled with the noblest sentiments that they have succeeded in shaking off the yoke of their oppressor. A century has nearly elapsed since that glorious event—Fourth of July, 1776—and how astonishing are the proportions which this young child of liberty has attained during such a short period; it has grown up to a truly colossal size!

Though the great Republic beyond the Atlantic Ocean, is yet very young compared with our own, we Swiss are fond of calling her our 'Sister' and we are proud of it! Well, then, ladies and gentlemen, I invite you all, you also, gentlemen, who are the children of vast, and powerful empire, I invite you to drink with me to the health and future prosperity of the great and glorious Republic of the U. S. of that Republic which has offered a new home to so many thousands of our own countrymen; may she live and may she enjoy yet for a long time her independence and all the richest blessings of her liberty!

And then every one at the table rose to their feet and came and touched their wine glasses to ours, and then Mr. K. responded appropriately, in English of course, and Mr. Bloomer had to translate it for the others, as we have three German gentlemen and one Russian; we are the two Americans, and all the rest were French. Then in the evening Mr. K. and I invited the family where P. is boarding, and another family who had called on us last week; having heard we were Americans, they had lived in Trenton, N. J., some ten years. They said they always had a warm heart for an American, and that was the reason they called, and then there were a niece and nephew of Madame Bloomer's; altogether there were twenty-three. So you see we had quite a large party. We had ice cream and cake and wine. Afterward we had some fireworks (such as pin wheels, rockets, and different colored lights), to them here it was quite a grand affair. When I went to order the cream, I told them to give me four quarts, but they said they did not sell that way, and asked how many persons we would have, when they said they would send a great plenty. To my utter astonishment, when it was passed around there was just two small teaspoonsful in a little bit of a saucer, and that was served twice, and they all said there was great abundance. I could not help thinking of W. last Fourth sitting on the piazza of his house with a quart bowl full as his share! Oh, we had raspberries and strawberries besides; and the arbor vine trees were illuminated with candles and Chinese lanterns. You do not know how beautiful it was, and Miss F. was in the 'Stars and Stripes.' So you see we had everything complete. Mr. Bloomer said he hoped we had enjoyed it, and was sorry that it was not more like it was at our American home.

Well, I am afraid you will be tired of my long Fourth of July letter, and will tell me something else. Last week we went, for the first time, on the 'Lakes of Geneva.' We took the steamboat at 'Onex' for the 'Castle of Chillon,' which was about two hours sail. Oh, it was beautiful! I do wish, father, you could see these grand mountains! Just think, peak after peak rising one thousand and fourteen hundred feet high, always covered with snow. They commence right at the lake, and are one or two thousand feet high, and then others rise behind them. I think the lake is more beautiful from Lausanne to Chillon than anywhere else. The water of the lake around the Castle is one thousand feet deep, and it is built right in the lake and connected by one of these bridges that lift up; which shuts off all communication with the river except by boat. It was built in the year 1230, and in 1773 was used for a State prison. I saw the pillar where Benivard the defender of Geneva liberty was chained for six years in an underground prison, and the ring, which was with his chain, and the most frightful place of torture; it would make your blood run cold to think of all the cruelty practiced in those days.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

CALIFORNIA LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 30, 1874.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—When we left you so unceremoniously at CLINTON, Iowa, a few weeks ago, it was not our intention to allow so much time to elapse before writing you, but circumstances over which we had no control hurried us along, and now at our leisure we propose to glance at some of the prominent features of our journey across the continent. Leaving Clinton, with its lumber mills and wooden ware manufactories, its grain warehouses and numberless vessels of all kinds and sizes, puffing and blowing as they ascend or descend the great Mississippi, we press on towards the setting sun. We are passing through the richest prairie lands of Iowa, and broad acres of growing grain and grasses greet the eye. Wherever cultivated, the earth yields abundant harvests. Along the water courses, grazing is largely carried on, the natural grasses affording rich and abundant supplies for the cattle of a thousand hills.

As we approach the "Bluffs" upon which the famous council was held with the Indians in 1804, the country puts on a parched and desolate appearance, but this is due to lack of moisture rather than to any barrenness of the soil. We pass along by and through the city numbering some 12,000 inhabitants, and at a distance of half a mile from the Missouri river, change cars to be transferred over the large iron bridge to the present terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha.

From this point it was necessary to establish a steep grade in order to cross the river at an elevation of fifty feet above high water level. The total length of bridge, with approaches, is nearly a mile.

The bridge proper consists of eleven spans, each 250 feet in length, making 2750 feet in all between abutments. Each pier is formed of two hollow wrought iron columns, each 84 feet in diameter, with a 1½ inch thickness of metal, shipped from Chicago in sections of 10 feet in length, each weighing 8 tons. These sections were hoisted upon the ground and sunk to solid rock, through the sand, mud and accumulated deposits in the river bottom. In some cases a pressure of 500 tons was necessary to settle the piers to a depth of over 8 feet, where rock was struck. The mud and sand was removed from the interior of the columns and this filled with stone concrete to a height of 30 feet and with ordinary concrete for the remaining distance. Upon these columns rests the weight of the superstructure, and to avoid disasters, the rate of speed of all trains is reduced to 4 miles per hour. Although a great amount of tact and engineering skill was here brought into requisition, the recent completion of the St. Louis bridge throws all enterprises such as this, scarcely in the shade. Rising proudly upon the high bank of the ever muddy Missouri, is the enterprising city of Omaha, containing a well-to-do population of some 20,000 souls, the largest in fact, between the Missouri and the western slope of the Sierras. The growth of the city has been rapid since the completion of the U. P. R. R., and if the freight and passenger traffic of the far west is not diverted to St. Louis by the opening of the new route, it will soon rival some of our Eastern towns of three the age.

In order to reach the Platte River, which we are to follow a distance of some hundred miles, we run south for a few miles, and then make a heavy curve to the west. The country on either side is dotted with the neat cottages of the farmers, who are bountifully repaid for all the labor to which they are subjected in tilling the soil. A monotonous journey is now before the traveler—an immense plain stretching out before him for hundreds of miles. The day's journey is nearly completed when the Rocky Mountains loom up boldly in the distance, with their snow-capped peaks glistening in the rays of the setting sun, as we glide into Cheyenne, where we are permitted to refresh ourselves at a well-spread table, and to relieve the stiffness apparent in the various joints throughout our system.

To reach this point—over 6,000 feet above sea-level—we have ascended from the Missouri River an average grade of 8 or 9 feet in the mile. From here we ride rapidly into the mountains, and in one week, we will have the pleasure of conducting you over the Rockies.

P. H. McD.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, August 5, 1874.

THE COUNTRY PRESS AND THE SCANDAL.

The fact that the country press is not so favorably disposed toward Beecher as the New York City press, may partly be accounted for by this—that is New York we have a more intimate knowledge not only of the principal persons involved, but of all the so-called witnesses brought forward. Some of the men most prominent in the affair are notorious for certain qualities that it is difficult to discuss in the newspapers. Those who know them have taken their measure; it is pretty well understood in society; but the New York editors can hardly talk about it without being more personal than decent editors care to be. If they do talk about it, they are accused of "taking sides," "calling names," etc. But if you want to read some straightforward talk of this kind, I pray you turn to the account of the interview with good old Oliver Johnson, in which he draws a graphic portrait of another well-known "portrait painter," Oliver Johnson, by the way, is one of the few men concerned in this affair, who are "a true grit." His say-so in New York is better than the oath of a hundred slaveholders and busy-bodies.

THE ORDER DOG.

A great many people are hard upon Mr. Beecher, and very sympathetic with Mr. Tilton, because they think that Tilton is the "measure dog" in the fight. I think it is just the reverse way. It is Beecher who needs our sympathy. It is he that is being rolled over in the mud; it is he that is so